

CHARIVARIA.

FOLLOWING upon the success of his venture with Sir IAN HAMILTON'S brochure, it is rumoured that Mr. HALDANE intends to have an organ of his own for circulating his views. So look out for *The Warminister Gazette*.

It is officially denied that Mr. BIRRELL is to be made a Judge. There was, however, nothing improbable in the rumour, for, in spite of his recent disclaimer, Mr. BIRRELL makes excellent jokes.

Mr. BIRRELL has also denied that he is to be made a Peer. It is evidently very difficult to know what to make of Mr. BIRRELL.

With reference to Sir ALMROTH WRIGHT'S opinion that, from an hygienic point of view, washing is an evil, it is interesting to note that children have always shown a wonderful instinct in this respect.

And there is plenty of evidence to show that Turkish Baths, which Sir ALMROTH attacked, are undoubtedly dangerous. For example, the deposed Sultan ABDUL HAMID was in the habit of prescribing baths in the Bosphorus for certain of his acquaintances, and we are told that in every case this treatment had a fatal result.

The welcome announcement is made that Mr. STANFORTH SMITH, the explorer, has not, as was reported, been eaten by cannibals. He has reached Thursday Island in safety, and not so much as a single bite has been taken out of him.

The Oxford crew, while practising, had an exciting experience one day at Putney. The river was so rough that their boat filled with water and almost sank. This draws attention to the scandal that there is no lifeboat station nearer to London than the one at Southend.

A hatred of innovations is, we fear, characteristic of our nation. A thrush which possessed neither legs nor thighs has, *The Express* informs us, been killed at Aylsham, Norfolk.

By a curious coincidence a day after the jury at the Old Bailey had protested

against being "snap-shotted," we came across the following heading over a telegram from Italy in *The Daily Mail*:—

"SHY JURORS AND THE CAMORRA."

Professor ARTHUR KEITH, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, declared that a giant is a diseased product, and we are sorry to hear that several small boys are now in hospital owing to their having drawn the attention of giants to this fact.

The Professor, in discussing the problem of growth, went on to state that it was not impossible that the time might come when a doctor would be able to make a nose grow to any

THE FELINE INFLUENZA.

[“A large number of cats in the South of England are suffering from an epidemic disease which has been diagnosed as a kind of influenza. . . . It does not seem to be commonly realized that the cat is an exceedingly delicate animal. . . . It droops and dies with hardly a struggle.”—*The Times*.]

THOMAS is looking rather queer to-day,

Do you observe?—

He's lost his verve,

He's off his feed,

He does not deign to plead

For milk or fish-bones in his usual way.

What do you think's the matter?

Can it be,

As 'twould appear,

That Thomas here,

Our faithful cat

(No, no! don't say it's that!),

Has got the flue? Our Thomas! Even he?

The Joneses' cat, you know, who was of yore

In splendid form,

Taken by storm

(But, I regret,

Not taken to the vet.),

Has turned his toes up.

So have plenty more.

You wouldn't think that cats

who gambol through

Life after life

In sin and strife

Would yet succumb

Without a kick to some

Untimely epidemic; but they do.

Look at our Thomas there, the hefty beast!

Who knows his plight?

To-morrow night

May see him lie

Drooping and fit to die.

Sturdy and healthy? Bless you, not the least.

And that is why I look at him and say

That grief and dole

Assail my soul.

Life's but a flower,

And flue is full of power . . .

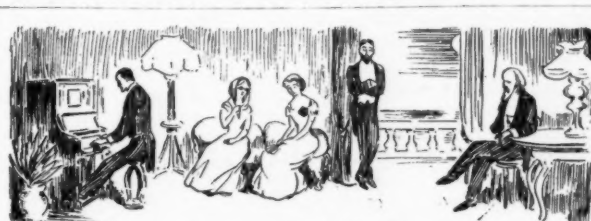
And Thomas does look jolly rum to-day.

“Some 120 children were in attendance at the Band of Hope on Thursday, when ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ was shown by the aid of the microscope.”

We are afraid that this pilgrim was only making very slow progress.

“The result of the census for the city for the Argentine Government has been launched at Brakenhead.”

If we hadn't seen this by a lucky chance in the *Bradford Daily Argus* we should never have known.



BERT SMART'S MUSIC EMPORIUM,
MOZART ST., CLERKENWELL,
AGENT FOR THE PIANOTO.

To the PIANOTO Co., W.

DEAR SIRS,—Re your Pianoto show-cards, while no doubt they are very suitable for your West-end trade, I fear they are hardly cheerful enough for Clerkenwell. I venture to suggest a few alterations, and remain

Yours faithfully,

BERT SMART.

desired shape. A Society for the Promotion of Nose Culture is now in process of formation.

Exception has been taken at the Alhambra to the following head-lines in a contemporary:—

“THE MAD PIERROT.

PRETTY NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.”

We are informed that it is not correct to call the ballet pretty new. It is absolutely new.

Mr. DRAKE and Mr. BRUNSKILL, Masters of the Old Berkeley West Hunt, have, it is announced, resigned their positions owing to the shortage of foxes. Frankly, if people give up hunting them, the foxes have only themselves to blame. Up-to-date foxes, it seems, have no children.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

ON ARBITRATION.

"WELL," I said, "I hope you approve of the TAFT-GREY scheme of arbitration?"

"My dear fellow," said Prenderby, "of course I approve of it. I am all for schemes of that sort—the Millennium, for instance, and Utopia and Paradise. But I permit myself to doubt whether a family arrangement of this kind between two nations who have already practised the habit of arbitration for the settlement of their trifling differences is going to be allowed to serve as a lofty example to a world not yet prepared to follow lofty examples. I'm afraid I have a very poor opinion of national morality. Governments may consist of very honourable Christian gentlemen, but do they, in their composite capacity, ever behave to other Governments like gentlemen, not to say Christians? One does not expect them to love their neighbours better than themselves, but are they ever actuated by any but the most crudely savage instincts? do they ever "forbear their own advantage," or decline to hit a rival when he's down or looking the other way, if it suits their convenience? The very qualities which in an individual would be regarded as the mark of an impossible bounder, are in a Government accounted for virtue and patriotism. 'God and my Right,' as we say (cheerfully implicating the Deity); not *the* Right, if you please, but *my* Right."

"But surely," said I, "whether they follow our example or not, other nations must regard our motives in this matter as purely humane?"

"Dear fellow," said Prenderby, "does any nation ever regard the motives of another nation as purely humane? When the two great Teutonic Powers agreed to settle their differences in a lasting alliance, did we acclaim their motives as purely humane? And these peoples, in their turn, whatever praise they may publicly bestow on our scheme, will tell one another privately that our motives to-day are a matter of mere expediency; that England is saying to America, 'Look here; you and I speak the same language or something like it; let us agree to put our differences to arbitration and abide by the results, however obnoxious to either party, *that so we may hold our own together against the rest of the world!*'"

"Well," I said, "I daresay that's what is at the back of some of our heads. But neither nation is ready for it yet. Indeed, it seems doubtful whether the American Senate is ready even for a harmless treaty of arbitration. That's the worst of these Second Chambers!"

"Your observation," said Prenderby, "interests me strangely, for it starts me on our own Second Chamber, a topic germane to our theme. Here is EDWARD GREY propounding, to the open applause of the civilised world with its motto *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, a scheme which he hopes may lead eventually to the universal reduction of armaments. But what is his attitude in regard to a domestic matter equally clamorous for a peaceful adjustment? He belongs to, and apparently endorses the policy of, a Party which has no idea of submitting the case of the House of Lords to arbitration, but proposes to destroy it by the sheer brutal force of superior numbers."

"At any rate," said I, "as between the various components of that Party you find the spirit of mutual concession. You find Liberals, Labour Members and Irish Nationalists compromising their own differences for the common good."

"But for whose 'common good'?" said Prenderby petulantly. "For the common good of the State? Not at all. They combine for the common good of the Party

as against the Party's common foe—the very motive which Europe will attribute to us in our scheme for an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration."

"Well," I said smartly, "don't the Tories do the same thing when they get the chance?"

"No doubt," replied Prenderby judiciously. "In general I have no greater regard for one side than for the other. But in the case of the House of Lords even you will admit that the Tories have in this Parliament offered to assist the Government in arriving at a compromise by consent, and that their overtures have been ignored."

"My point is this:—If your prophet (whom I honestly respect) claims to be leading a crusade not merely for the particular advantage of his own country, or even that of the English-speaking race; if he asserts a higher and broader motive; if it is the acceleration of Universal Peace that he is after; then let him ask himself whether England might not contrive to set the nations an example with the sort of piety that begins at home. We talk at large of the intolerable burden and extravagance of bloated armaments, but never seem to worry ourselves about the infamous waste of time and material and energy that is the curse of a Parliamentary system which in the end always decides things by the mere weight of heavier battalions. There is not a single controversial matter in our home politics that could not be settled by twelve good men and true endowed with common sense and impartiality. We are willing to leave the question of a man's life or death in the hands of a common jury, but the destiny of a nation is left to the mercy of a voting-machine. On the day when we establish a domestic Hague tribunal at our doors I shall begin to have some hope for the Dutch one."

"At this point," I said, "I will break it to you that my purpose in coming to see you to-day was to procure copy for a humorous paper. You haven't helped me much."

"I am laughing all right," said Prenderby, "at the pitifulness and poverty of national ideals; but in my sleeve, for decency's sake. But you, with your visions of a New Earth, a land flowing with milk and arbitration—I wonder that you complain of my dulness. In Utopia there will be no accommodation for humour."

"That's all right," said I cheerfully; "it won't be in *my* time." O. S.

The following epigram is attributed by a calendar to LÄO-TSZE, whose works we must certainly read again:—

"Intelligence is formed by minute observation; and strength by the conversation of the germs of vital energy."

Conversation between Two Germs:—

1st Germ: Well, we've managed to give our man a cold at last. He's sneezing like anything.

2nd Germ: He's not really sneezing; he's only saying "LÄO-TSZE" to himself.

From a Manchester newspaper:—

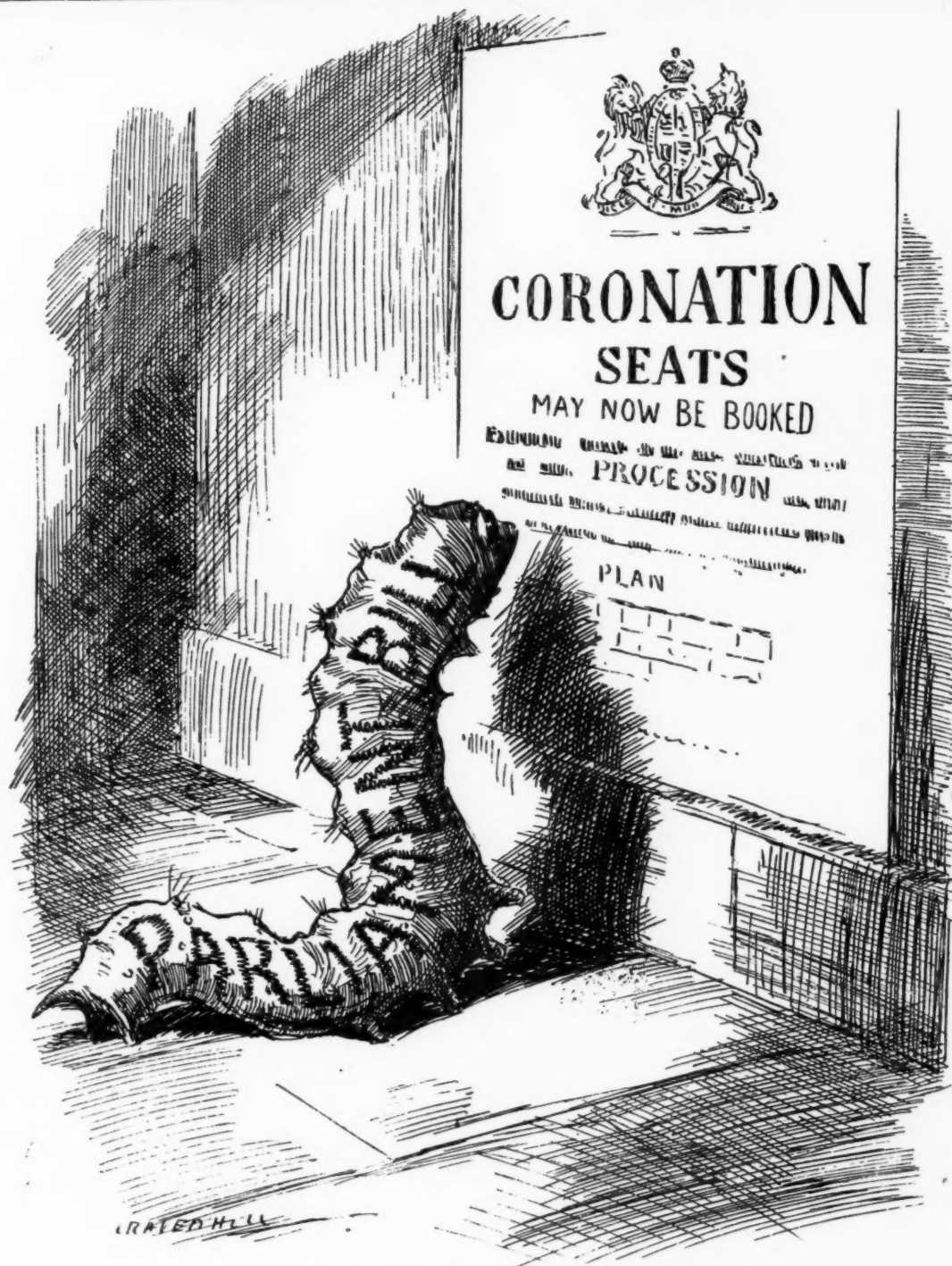
"Anything that will set the blood into active circulation is good for a cold. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink hot water, or hot lemonade, or going to bed; take a salt water sponge bath and remain in a warm room. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour or so. Snuff hot salt water up the nose every hour or two. Four or five hours' exercise in the open air is often effective. Four or five grains of quinine taken at night will usually have a good effect. A vapour bath, followed by a cold sponge bath, is good."

The great thing seems to be—Keep it moving.

"Even in this old university town we can step from noble colleges, which are graced by antique chapels, quaint cloisters, perfect lawns, and stately trees, into foul sums which are the incarnation of ugliness."

Manchester Evening News.

So we found when going in for the Mathematical Tripos.



ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

PARLIAMENT BILL. "THEY PROMISED ME I SHOULD BE A BUTTERFLY BY THE CORONATION, BUT IF I'M STILL TO BE CRAWLING ABOUT LIKE THIS I SHALL WANT TO BOOK A SEAT."



Extract from "West-End Whispers":—"A PROPOS OF THE REIGN OF THE BIG HAT, THE ECONOMICAL LADY NEEDMORE HAS HIT ON QUITE AN IDEA FOR REDUCING HER MILLINERY BILLS AND AT THE SAME TIME ATTRACTING ATTENTION TO HER PRETTY TWINS, VERA AND VIVIENNE, WHO APPEARED THE OTHER DAY AT THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS-IN-INDIAN-INK, SHARING AN ENORMOUS HAT OF TAGEL-STRAW WITH DROOPING LONG-FRONDED OSTRICH PLUMES. THEY MADE AN IMMENSE SENSATION, AND ARE NOW BOTH ENGAGED, I HEAR!"

"SPORT" (SO TO SPEAK).

Just three short years ago—no more than three—

When yet our faith was perfectly intact,

Upwards we soared on wings of prophecy,

Beaming like Cheshire kittens in the act.

That flight was wasted, Thomas;

The Chicks have not fulfilled their dazzling promise.

We had good cause, old boy, for hopeful pride—

The Chicks, our Chirpy Chicks, were runners-up!

And rapturously we rose and prophesied

That in a year or two they'd win the Cup.

But did they? Not a bit.

Each time since then they've made a hash of it.

We've never failed them, Tom. We're not to blame.

We've done our duty; what can man do more?

We've spared no sacrifice to see each game

(Proving that we are sportsmen to the core);

We've yelled like crazy fellows,

And cheered until we nearly burst our bellows.

We've stuck to them through changes. We have seen

Old favourites sold, whose strength we ill could spare;

We've hailed new men from Bristol, Aberdeen,

From Wales, from Ireland, from the Lord knows where;

We've even helped, my son,

To purchase them, and now they haven't won!

And so you'll chuck the Chicks; you've lost your wool;

Henceforth the Bluebirds have your whole support.

Thomas, I share your anger to the full;

Don't think I blame you—nothing of the sort;

But, for at least a season,

I'll hold my ground. I have a sporting reason.

It's Local Sentiment. The Chirpy Chicks'

Headquarters are but thirty miles away;

The Bluebirds', as you know, are fifty-six;

That is the reason, Thomas, why I stay

(If there's another loss,

I'll throw them up and come and join you, Thos.).

Commercial Candour.

From an advt.:—

"While the seal is on the bottle, the collar round the neck, the cork (with —'s brand) inside and the capsule over that, you are absolutely safe."

Are we to understand that it is when the bottle is opened that the danger begins?

"There is a remarkable family at Rosedale, in which for a period of 35 years there has not been a death. Five of the sons have played various instruments in the Brotton Brass Band."—*Malton Messenger*.

If the band is as brotton as it sounds this immunity is indeed surprising.

A HALF-TOLD TALE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your reputation for sympathy with those in trouble is growing daily. It extends now from Finchley in the north to Hayes in the south, and perhaps further. I will state my trouble and then we shall see if you can help me.

Do you know Hayes at all? It is, I believe, a village or suburban town in Kent or Surrey. I have never been to Hayes, but I can tell a good story about it. It is not the sort of good story with which you cap the other man's good story about WINSTON CHURCHILL; nor is it just an ordinary joke which a friend might borrow and narrate as having happened to himself. It is simply a little personal adventure connecting myself with Hayes, pleasant, if a trifle subtle in its humour; and while it is not necessary to know Hayes well in order to appreciate it, it is, I think, necessary to know me.

I was calling on Mrs. X. last Sunday. There were only three or four people in the drawing-room, so that the conversation was general. My modest share in it had been temporarily cut short by a large slice of cake, when suddenly my ears caught the word "Hayes." It happens sometimes that the word Hayes is spoken in my presence, and that, before I have time to do anything about it, the conversation is switched on to some other topic. Such certainly might have been the case upon this occasion; but by great good luck quite a little argument arose about Hayes. One said it was near Croydon, and another knew it was in Buckinghamshire, and Mrs. X. smoothed matters over by suggesting that there were probably two or three towns of that name.

I wonder if you can realise, Mr. Punch, all that this meant to me—for by this time I had finished my piece of cake. My story, subtle, delicate gossamer thing that it is, depends absolutely for its success upon the conditions under which it is told. It cannot, it simply cannot be dragged in. There are some houses to which one may go for years without ever hearing the place Hayes so much as mentioned, and to attempt to tell the story in houses like these is simply to ruin it. So now to hear Hayes not only mentioned but dwelt upon, better even than that (for the point of my story depends largely upon the exact position in the map of Hayes), actually to hear doubts expressed as to its locality—this was, Mr. Punch, the chance of my life.

"I've often wondered where Hayes

was," I said with a little laugh, "because—well, it was rather funny;" and I smiled reminiscently to myself.

They all looked at me inquiringly. They seemed to know somehow that a good story was coming. I took a sip of tea and began.

As I have said, it is simply a pleasant little story connecting myself with Hayes. The interest in Hayes was by this time at fever-heat, and I knew the few people in the room well enough to assume at any rate a temporary and polite interest in myself. But this much must be admitted. Good story though it is, it begins badly. The first few minutes of it are very dull indeed. The first few minutes descend of necessity to depths of apparently pointless autobiography such as nobody should permit himself to dive into before a mixed company—unless for vital reasons. My own reasons, of course, were that the finish would more than reward my hearers' patience; but also I began to feel this: I began to feel that the mere fact of having ready an appropriate story, however dull, about such an unlikely place as Hayes was in itself a justification. It was the duty of my audience to regard me as a man who could tell a story of some sort about any town on the map.

Well, Mr. Punch, I had cleared the ground of the necessary introductory matter, and I was just arriving at the point where I get the anonymous letter from Finchley—in other words, my story was on the verge of becoming interesting, which interest would steadily increase henceforward to the dénouement—when an interruption took place. The door opened and about half-a-dozen fresh people were announced. There were greetings, some introductions, and a little handing of refreshments. We were too many now for general conversation, and I found myself paired with one of the newcomers upon a very comfortable sofa. We talked, I think, about theatres. It was a very pleasant talk . . . but I was not happy. I left about half-an-hour later.

You see, my story stopped at the wrong moment. I don't blame anybody. I could hardly have been asked to go on with it in front of half-a-dozen strangers who had missed the opening; and I am not sure that I should have cared to have begun it all over again. The beginning is so very dull. Besides it is too autobiographical to tell to a complete stranger; you would want to have talked to her for ten minutes or so first about general matters. But I repeat that my story stopped at the wrong moment. There is a little lull before the anonymous letter from

Finchley, and it seemed to stop there quite naturally. I have not the slightest doubt that my audience thought that it was meant to stop there—that what I told them was the whole story.

Mr. Punch, we all have moments of black doubt when even the things dearest and most familiar to us assume strange shapes. At some such black moment I may have doubted whether my Hayes story was quite as brilliant as I have sometimes thought it. But never have I had any doubt that the first half of the story, regarded as a complete whole, was the most utterly futile thing ever told by man. That is the story which the X.'s think I sat down deliberately to tell them. . . .

When I began this letter I had meant to ask you to help me. I had thought that if you gave us a cartoon on Hayes next Wednesday I might call on Mrs. X. on the Thursday, mention *Punch* casually, and so get by way of the cartoon up to my own connection with Hayes. But I see now that I shall never tell the X.'s the Hayes story again. I might be stopped a second time at the same place. That would be too terrible. They may think me an egoistic bore if they like; they mustn't think me an obsessed lunatic. Your unhappy friend,

A. A. M.

THE SENSATIONAL WINKLE CASE.

[“At a meeting of the Kent and Essex Fisheries Committee it was reported that the Board of Fisheries had been appealed to on the subject of the protection of winkles on private grounds, a Kentish bench of magistrates having held that winkles were wild animals, and for that reason they dismissed a charge of stealing. The Committee was advised that the cultivation of winkles on private grounds would tame them.”—*Daily Pop. r.*]

In the course of proceedings before the Board of Fisheries evidence was heard on behalf of the Kentish magistrates, the owner of the grounds from which the winkles were abducted, and the colony of winkles occupying those grounds. Counsel for the magistrates maintained that such abduction did not amount to stealing, inasmuch as winkles were wild animals.

A member of the Board: That is what you have to prove.

Counsel: I propose to do so.

In an impassioned address counsel declared that he would bring evidence to prove that winkles were a most ferocious species of mollusc, a social pest, and in particular a positive menace to the lives of little children. For years it had been their brutal practice to lie in wait for passers-by on solitary parts of the coast at low tide. They would seize upon their victims in overwhelming numbers, and

adhere to them with fierce tenacity. The sight of a bather's bare foot was always sufficient to rouse them to a lust for blood. In fact, he maintained that no human being was safe in the presence of a wrinkle unless armed with a sledge-hammer or a pin.

Evidence having been taken in support of counsel's statements, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Perry Winkle, who had been much affected by the aspersions cast upon their tribe, were then examined.

A member of the Board: You are a representative of the colony in question?—Mr. Winkle: I am.

Have you any answer to make to the evidence adduced with regard to your attacks on human beings—particularly the bathing episodes which have been referred to?—Mr. Winkle: I maintain they are gross perversions of the truth. Human beings act in the most ungentlemanly manner towards us, coming upon us almost invariably at meal-times, and not giving us time to move out of the way.

Mr. Winkle was followed by Mr. Perry Winkle, who complained bitterly and with genuine feeling of the protection afforded to whelks and mussels, whom he characterised as "abandoned Borgias," and declared that it was their practice to feed upon the unoffending wrinkle tribe after they (the whelks and mussels) had poisoned them (the wrinkles) by means of the sulphuric acid they (the whelks and mussels) were in the habit of secreting.

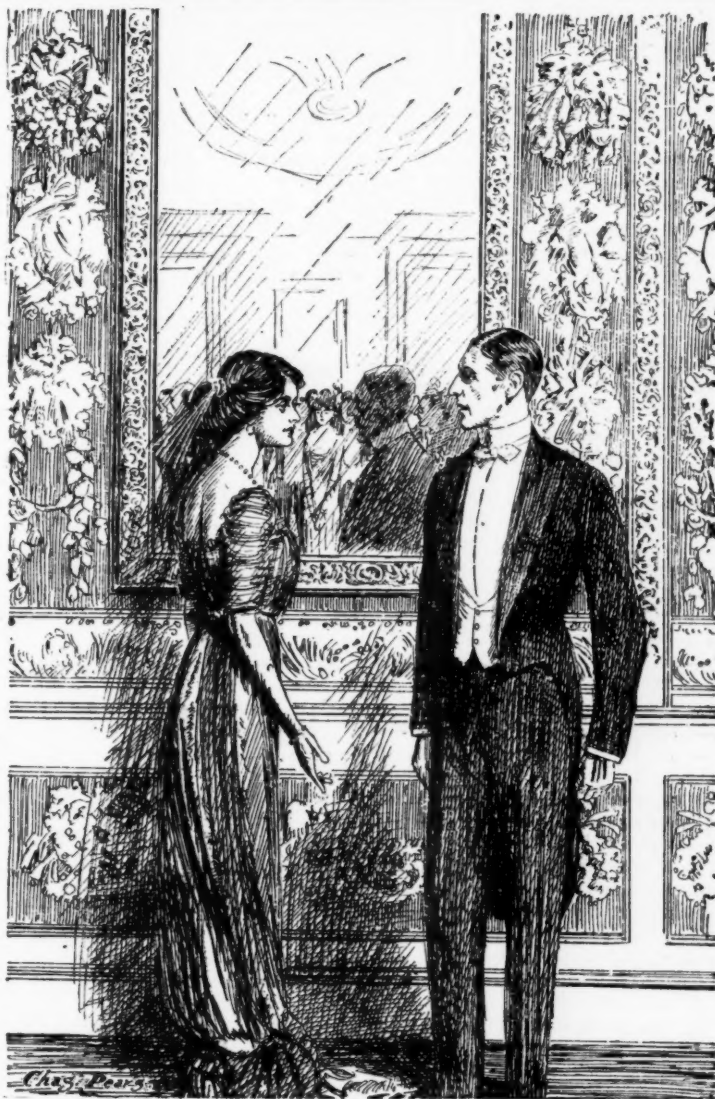
Mr. Perry Winkle, whose evidence caused a great sensation, was followed by Mr. Snodgrass, the owner of the grounds from which the wrinkles had been abducted. Questioned whether he thought that wrinkles, even though originally wild, could be tamed by cultivation on private grounds, Mr. Snodgrass, who was evidently regarded with great affection both by Mr. Winkle and Mr. Perry Winkle, answered warmly in the affirmative. He stated that he had always considered the wrinkles on his property as personal friends, and would unhesitatingly trust his children in their company for hours at a time. They were so tame that they would eat out of his hand and come to him when he whistled. He regarded this matter of their abduction with the utmost horror and consternation.

Case still being heard when our representative left.

Beating His Sword into a Ploughshare.

MR. H. S. PEARSON ON CHARLES DICKENS:—

"The sword he had drawn against social abuse was still ploughing its way towards the goal he had set himself to reach."



Radical Guest. "BY THE WAY, DUCHESS, IF WE ABOLISH THE LORDS THIS SESSION, WON'T THE DUKE BE AWFULLY UPSET?"

Duchess. "OH, I EXPECT HE WOULD; BUT I SHAN'T LET HIM KNOW, YOU KNOW!"

A Chance for Tussaud's.

From *The Evening News* advt. column:—

"RELIC of Old Newgate Prison, washing-bowl from cell; what offers?
8-FT. GUILLOTINE for sale, cheap.
SAWDUST supplied, cheap."

Quite an attractive little lot, all on the market in one breath, for any go-ahead community spoiling for a revolution, or commencing in the "Only Way" line of business. Mexican and Portuguese papers, please copy.

"CAMEL WON RACE BUT DISQUALIFIED."

Montr. a! Gazette.

We are not surprised.

The Home Secretary's New Hobby.

"Mr. Churchill informed Mr. Nield that he was considering the question of taking snapshot photographs in civil and criminal courts during the progress of proceedings."

Manchester Evening News.

There is no end to Mr. CHURCHILL'S activities.

"Some one blundered and blundered badly. Frankly, the men were not fit to start rowing a trial of such importance after the subsequent fooling about which took place."

Pai Mall Gazette.

We agree that "someone blundered," though not really very "badly," and have ventured to mark the place in italics.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. IV.—THE MINER'S ADVENTURE.

My Uncle ses he likes stories of desprit deeds of dairing so he will like this one it is the despritest I kno Thire was vunce a gardners boy hooose name was George he was a nise perlite boy and wen he sor yung ladies warking in his garden he stud up strate and tutehd his cap and sed Good morning miss and sumtimes he shod them his nife so evrybody liked him and sed this boy will sumday see wunderfull things and be as ritch as a jooler Wen he was quite yung about the age of a baby he had met the grate french lady Jone Vark when she was chasing the enemy out of France and shed tort him how to be brave and giv him a sord and a soot of armer he kep them in a box in his cottige.

One morning George was working at the cabbiges wen he sor a fairy dressd in gold lace and a purpel vail George stud up strate and tutehd his cap and sed Good morning miss.

Good morning said the fairy your perliter than the gardner.

Wots he dun sed George.

He throd a stone at me wen I was a sparrer yestday and I shall punish him for it.

Yes du sed George he ort to catch it.

Im going to giv you welth and all you wont said the fairy quick quick pull up that big cabbage thers a colemine under it.

And wen George pulled up the cabbage loan bold ther was the entrinse to a colemine and wen George enterd the entrinse the fairy was gorn and he was lone in the colemine and in a minnit more hed got to the bottom of it.

Cheer up sed George to hisself and he bagen piking at the cole with sumbdy elses pikax wich had got left there 400 years ago he hadent bin piking verry long wen he sor sumthing gleeming away like mad in the dark and wen he put out his hand and cort hold of it it was a gold box bigger than yur cigret box it was as big as a tabel and there was a ruby stuk in the lid the size of my hed.

Haha sed George Im geting on this is sumthing like and he gav it a blo with his pikax to sho he didnt care a bit and sudnly the lid flu open like a wotch wen you blo on it and a hole lot of Troles came tumbling out shouting frise battel cries and making awfle fases at George in the dark a Trole is an erthman.

Wen George sor the Troles he wosent afrade but he puld out his magic wond of ebny wich the fairy giv him and sed theres tu mutch torking here if you dont keep quite I shall send you upstares.

I forgot about the wond but hed got it alrite.

Then the cheef of the Troles kame up and bagen nelying at Georges feet and sed strike the ruby with your ebny wond and I bet youll see sumthing to sprise you and wen George struk the ruby there was a flash of litening and thunder and the Troles all run into the gold box agen and the ruby sloly opend and the buteflest prinsess in the wuld stept out.

Ive left my horse behind she sed please get it for me and George put his hand in the ruby and puld out a milkwite steed with a silver Sadel.

Thank you so mutch sed the prinsess I think your the boy Ive got to marry are you a gardners boy cald George.

Yes I am sed George but they didnt tell me enything about a marriage.

Ive told you now sed the prinsess weel have it at harf past tu tomorrow.

Then George wafd his ebny wond and a lift kame doun for them and a man got out and opend the gait and George tuk the gold box and he and the prinsess got in and the lift carred them to the top were the fairy was wating for them.

They were marrid tomorrow and livd verry haply in six splendid palises wich the Troles bilt for them George didnt du eny more gardning and wen he wonted munny he sent a Trole doun the colemine to get it.

The fairy was Georges mother the name of the prinsess was Ameelia.

THE HOUSE ON HOLIDAY.

[A certain newspaper has recently informed us that, "like the rest of humanity, the House of Commons has its moods," and there are times when "Members, both young and old, like boys just released from school, break out into boisterous mirth, and indulge in the most frolicsome antics."]

AND I was in the gallery that night! . . .

ASQUITH began it—mind you, it was but

The merest lull, succeeding some grim fight,

That turned them from their customary rut.

The House of Commons, like the rest of mortals

(Perhaps you never thought of that before?)

Has got its moods: within those sacred portals

Our legislators sometimes slough their lore

And try to make things hum, when life becomes a bore.

ASQUITH, I say, began it. Full of beans,

He hoisted up his slack and cried, "Ahoy!

BALFOUR, old man, suppose we find some means

Of killing time?" Said BALFOUR, "Done, dear boy!"

Nor yet was HALDANE loth, but, rising up, he

Offered the House a reckless challenge: "Who'll

Stake tuppence on a game of bumble-puppy?"

And others gambolled too, like boys from school;

There were that leapt, and some that played at snooker pool.

CECIL and HORNE (SILVESTER), lithe of limb,

Requested REDMOND to "provide a back"

And played at leap-frog with the utmost vim

Till CECIL's head sustained a nasty crack.

WINSTON and F. E. SMITH, a wrestling couple,

Circled about to get a decent squeeze,

And both appeared distinctly fit and supple;

While all the time the SPEAKER sat at ease

And peppered everyone impartially with peas.

A game of marbles soon was going strong,

And WINTERTON and CARSON won applause

From all the cognoscenti in the throng

By artful knuckling of the alley-taws.

And here one might observe the stately AUSTEN,

Who, though at play, preserved a proper tone,

Poised on one nimble foot and wholly lost in

A little game of hopscotch on his own—

A topping game, but one inadequately known.

I did not mark the antics of the rest,

For, just as BIRRELL offered trifling odds

That F. E. SMITH would sit on WINSTON's chest,

The SPEAKER started potting at the gods.

We went confusedly, but as we hastened

From that high fane St. Stephen holds in fee

I cried aloud with joy, albeit chastened,

"These lofty men who write themselves M.P.

Enjoy their little jape even like you and me!"

From "Answers to Correspondents" in *The Birmingham Daily Post*:—

"'Anxious.'—The Bishop of Birmingham, who was born in 1853, is a bachelor."

We hope this is the good news that "Anxious" wanted.

NEO-PRANDIALISM.

MR. CHISHOLM, the Editor of the *Greatest of Great Works*, having presided at a series of dinners to its English contributors last autumn and being now engaged on a similar feat in America, is himself to be entertained at dinner on his return. And why not? Let there be dinners and then more dinners. Let a dinner celebrate everything.

As a contribution to the New Prandialism we suggest that the following banquets are more than due:—

A complimentary dinner to Mr. SHAW by the road hogs of England in honour of the courageous stand taken by him in *The Car* against the hysterical opposition to running over their pets which is displayed by too many dog-owners. Mr. SHAW candidly admits that he has run over thirteen and only twice has stopped to apologise. Such a lead from so eminent a humanitarian cannot be too cordially acknowledged.

A dinner to Lady SELBORNE to be given by sympathisers with her on the trying time she has recently undergone in her endeavour to establish a new and more elastic method of correspondence in the papers. It has long been felt that to sign one's own name to a letter was at best mechanical. Lady SELBORNE has boldly come forward to put an end to this tedious practice by signing some one else's. Only a dinner—and a very good one—can properly bring home to her mind the benefit she has conferred both on the cause of women's franchise and woman at large. The Chair will be taken by Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON.

It has long been felt by the friends of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., the great Baconian *littérateur*, that public expression should be given to the gratitude and appreciation of his gigantic labours under which the cultured section of the community has so long groaned. This sentiment has now taken concrete shape in the proposal to entertain Sir EDWIN at a banquet, at which the Chair will be taken by Dr. O. OWEN, the eminent American *savant*, who is now assiduously delving in the bed of the Wye, near Chepstow, for BACON's lost notebooks. Mr. G. G. GREENWOOD has also kindly promised to attend and will oblige with the sentiment, "It's a long lane that knows no Durning."

Any attempt to enliven the drab monotony of male attire is always to be welcomed, and it is with great pleasure that we learn of the general support lent to the suggestion to give a fancy-dress dinner to Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P., for his noble attempt



"WELL, TOMMY, CAUGHT ANYTHING?"

"No, I DON'T BELIEVE THE SILLY WORM WAS TRYING."

to introduce velvet coats into the House of Commons. Mr. L. GINNELL, M.P., who has consented to take the Chair, will appear as an Irish cow-puncher, and Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH, M.P., will probably assume the engaging disguise of a South Down shepherd. Velvet or velveteen will be *de rigueur* for all who attend the banquet, at which it is understood there will be no Speakers.

As side issues of the revival in commemorative dining we may state that the Savoy Hotel is about to open a new grill room to be known as the Chisholm, with a twenty-five shilling inclusive lunch for scholars. Be sure to ask for Encyclo. Brut champagne.

The Great Eastern Railway Company are adding to the Cambridge noon ex-

press every day a dining car especially reserved for officials of the University. Press and contributors to the Phenomenal Compilation.

Lastly we may note, as a pleasing illustration of the popularity of the New Prandialism, the inclusion at more than one of the leading music-halls of a turn in which the performer, *à propos* of nothing in particular, eats three large dinners one after another, championing his teeth in perfect time with the music. At the same time we understand there is no truth in the report that the charming Mlle. BRITTA has assumed the Christian name of Ency.

Festina Lente—"Easter will soon be here."



Absent-minded Householder (who takes the Census returns very seriously). "Ah, MARTHA JAMES—ER, WIDOW?—ER, AGE? H'M—THIRTY-FIVE, H'M—MALE OR FEMALE?"
Cook (indignantly). "FEMALE!"

THE INTELLIGENT METHOD.

[It is announced that another attempt to abolish compulsory Greek in Responsions is to be made shortly. It will doubtless be as unsuccessful as the others have been.]

PETER, arrived at the age of eight,
 Was sent to a school that was up to date,
 A wonderful school where the teaching ran
 On the most enlightened and modern plan.
 Each teacher there was passing rich
 In FROEBEL, COMENIUS, LOCKE and FITCH,
 Had studied psychology well, and knew
 All about logical processes too.
 What though his notions of δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$,
 And *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc* might be somewhat foggy?
 The method's the thing, and each could show
 His London Diploma in pedagogy.

It goes without saying the teaching went
 On the plan that is known as "intelligent;"
 No learning by rote—not a single word
 That savoured of dogma was ever heard.
 The brats were not brainlessly taught to state
 As a crude, bald fact that twice four's eight;
 The first few weeks that they spent at school
 They measured up things with a three-foot rule,
 Until they learnt this truth and treasured it—
 That twice four varied each time that you measured it—
 A piece of priceless and sound instruction
 Gained by a process of pure deduction.

Of course they were only allowed to turn
 To subjects they eagerly wished to learn.
 No forcing the young idea to stammer

The verbs in $-\mu$ or the Latin grammar.
 Instead of Euclid and rule of three
 They nature-studied the bumble-bee;
 They made little models in clay, and went
 To visit St. Paul's and the Monument;
 And after each highly instructive trip
 They wrote little essays on citizenship.

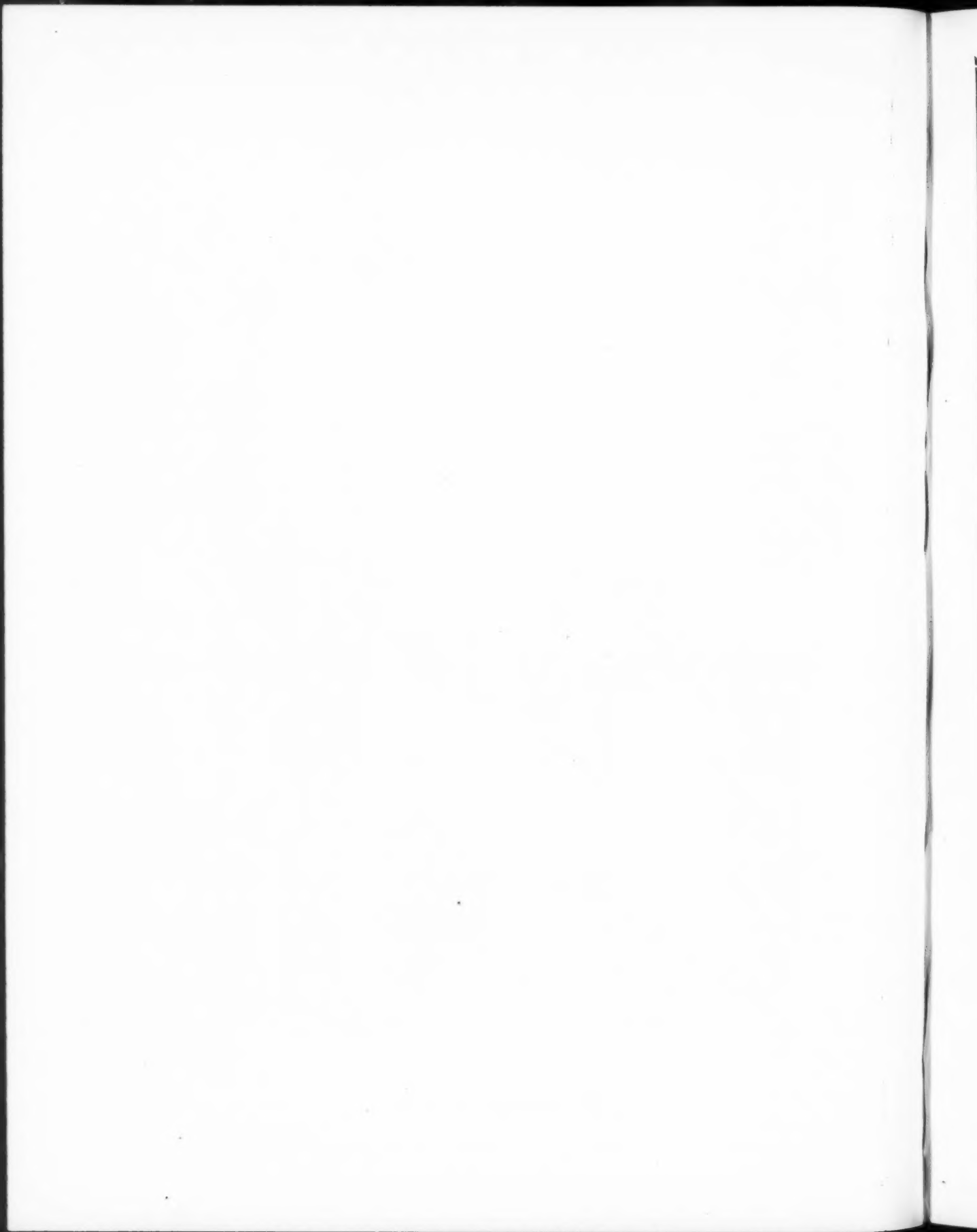
Thus Peter continued evolving knowledge
 Until he was ready to go to college;
 He hoped to let old Isis see
 What Education ought to be,
 For he heard that at last the dons intended
 The farce of compulsory Greek to be ended.

Alas, I fear when the day comes round
 His hopes will be cruelly dashed to the ground.
 From curacy, canonry, rectory, deanery,
 From Lancashire slums and from Devonshire scenery,
 Black coats have flocked before in force
 To fight for the antediluvian course;
 And now, as before, they will doubtless go
 To fight in their hundreds for δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$,
 And the youth who sighs for Oxford halls
 Will still have to tackle the old, old Smalls.

Now δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$ is death to a man
 Brought up on the latest enlightened plan.
 However hard his brain may try
 It never can master the verbs in $-\mu$,
 While up-to-date methods unite to avoid a
 Lucid account of a freak like *αἶσα*.
 So Smalls are a still insurmountable fence
 To a man of modern intelligence.



DISARMAGEDDON.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—Heard much of late of the millennium near at hand, when Ireland, refusing to be happy till she gets it, shall have Home Rule. Captain CRAIG, back again after carrying out LONG JOHN, not disposed to regard prospect with unqualified pleasure.

"What about Irish stocks?" he asks. "Does the PRIME MINISTER know that since Home Rule was mentioned by the Government the price of Irish securities has appreciably fallen?"

Later LONSDALE raises similar objection. Like bonnets, tin, bootlaces and other industries whose condition was noticed at time of launching Tariff Reform propaganda, Irish bank stock is "going" — down. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL points out that price of Bank of Ireland stock is subject to causes affecting similar stock in United Kingdom. Only that, and nothing more.

LONSDALE shook his head incredulously. A student of history, he remembers how in times past the policy of the Whigs at a particular juncture led to disastrous multiplication of large bluebottle flies in butchers' shops. The Whigs of the day strenuously denied that they were in any measure responsible for the incursion, just as a member of a Government placed and kept in power by a discredited Coalition attempts to shirk responsibility for market price of Bank of Ireland stock.

Even while this controversy was in progress an object-lesson was presented possibility of which would, thirty years ago, have been scornfully challenged. On second bench below Gangway, the very one whence in good old days PARNELL and JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR were accustomed to rise, defy authority of Chair and outrage treasured traditions of Parliament, sat WILLIAM O'BRIEN, fully clothed, in friendly conversation with WALTER GUINNESS, representative of that English wealth, landlordism and aristocracy that since and before the Union have

blighted the hopes of Ireland. ST. AUGUSTINE'S glance resting upon the pretty scene was dimmed by a tear of sympathy. It was a slight thing, incidentally arising out of accidental contiguity. The seeing eye discerned in it token of millennium.

"By-and-by," ST. AUGUSTINE murmured, "we shall see JOHN REDMOND walking on the Terrace with Captain CRAIG, passing by a table at which are seated WILLIAM MOORE and JOHN DILLON, while, like, great Anna (since dead), whom three realms obey, they 'sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.'"

more amazed than he at sensation created by his utterance. Intended as expression of personal feeling, welcoming suggestion thrown out by PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES. And lo! it turns out to have been a trumpet call, not summoning to war but to peace on earth and goodwill among the nations.

GREY instinctively shrinks from private congratulations, public compliments, and the like. Has much in common with the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE long known to Commons as Lord HARTINGTON. HARTINGTON did not care a brass farthing for anything people said or thought or wrote about him.

At the bottom of his heart, more particularly at outset of his career, he disliked public life, was bored by attendance in House of Commons. But for four hundred years the CAVENDISHES have had a hand in directing public affairs, and it did not become the latest heir to the Dukedom to shirk the hereditary task. Equally a GREY of Northumberland, grandson of Sir GEORGE, grand-nephew of the second Earl GREY, was bound to take his place in Parliament, in due time his seat on one or other of the Front Benches.

EDWARD GREY obeyed the call of duty, and from the first made his mark upon an Assembly which is the shrewdest judge of character in the world. A man of sublimely judicial mind, he never in the quarter of a



CORK-ED STOUT;

OR "MISERY ACQUAINTS A MAN WITH STRANGE BENCH-FELLOWS."

Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, being hard up for congenial society just at present, joins the "jeunesse dorée" and communes light-heartedly with Mr. WALTER GUINNESS."

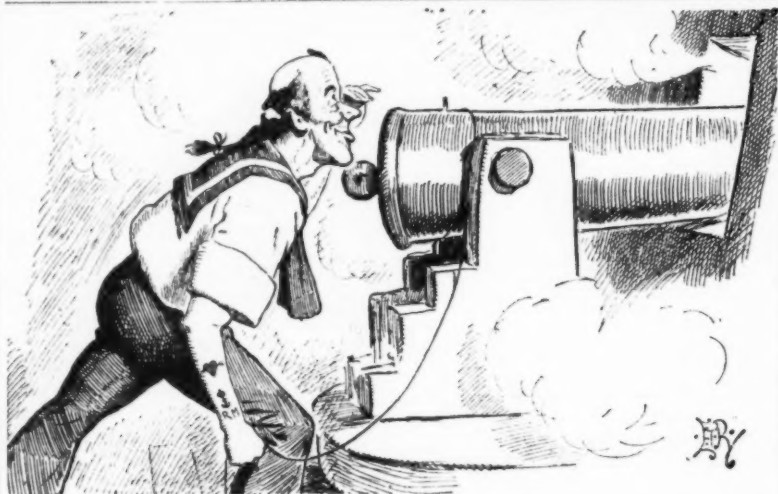
Business done.—Navy Estimates on again in Committee of Supply.

Wednesday.—EDWARD GREY suddenly finds himself under fierce light beating upon him from two hemispheres. Kindled by his memorable speech on arbitration interpolated ten days ago in debate on Army and Navy expenditure. Present generation cannot recall parallel case of address in House of Commons commanding such world-wide attention, welcomed with equal unanimity of enthusiasm. True Mr. BARNES regards it as "a mockery and a snare." Against that EDWARD GREY may, if he pleases, place the approval of civilised world.

Not likely to take the trouble. None

century he has sat for Berwick-on-Tweed raised a cheer by delivery of a partisan attack. In this respect some eager spirits find him lacking. SARK tells me that during his fighting time NELSON was actuated by ungovernable personal hatred of the French as individuals and as a nation. Whilst waiting to knock up against their ships in the Mediterranean he wrote home: "I trust Almighty God will, in Egypt, overthrow these pests of the human race." That was unreasonable, illogical. But the personal feeling lent force and energy to NELSON'S arm at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

EDWARD GREY is absolutely free from private prejudices and animosities of



FIRING HIS "STERN-CHASER."

Mr. McKenna, while vigorously engaging the enemy, is compelled to go aft and pour a withering fire into mutinous vessels astern to teach them a much-needed lesson in real patriotism."

that character. It makes him less effective in party warfare. It leaves him on his rare pedestal—a man trusted and looked up to by all parties and sections of parties in the House of Commons.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Under sub-head "S" of vote 6 in class '4 of Civil Service Estimates for current financial year, will be found interesting item: "Grant in aid of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910, £20,000."

It means that the wealthiest nation in the world has out of its total expenditure of a trifle under 172 millions contributed so much to the cost of expedition led by Captain Scott in search of South Pole. Better than nothing, it is less than one-half of actual cost, estimated at a minimum of £50,000. Gallant little New Zealand has planked down £1,000; United South Africa, £500; a princely Australian subscribes £2,500, which, with contributions from the public, brings up amount to nearly £44,000, leaving deficit of £6,000.

This a weight which throughout his perilous journey over trackless waste of snow Captain Scott will find heavier to draw than the most fully-laden sleigh. He started on his enterprise cheered by national applause, but depressed by consciousness that he was handicapped by what, if matters remain as they stand, means impending bankruptcy.

Long ago Mr. *Micawber* put great economical truth in classical nutshell. "Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £19 19s. 6d.: result, happiness. Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £20 ought six: result, misery."

In the lengthened night under Antarctic skies Captain Scott will be doing an analogous sum: "Expenditure, £50,000; cash subscribed, £44,000: result, misery. Cost of expedition, £50,000; subscriptions, say £55,000 to cover emergencies: result, happiness."

The first news from England that can reach the little party of explorers will as near as can be calculated arrive on Christmas day, 1912, when the *Terra Nova* returns from New Zealand to the Antarctic to take fresh stores to the expedition. It would be a pleasant kind of a Christmas card if CAPTAIN SCOTT's wife, who remains in London, were able to send him word that the full amount has been made up, leaving him to go on his way unhampered by the thought that every weary mile achieved on the way to the Pole adds to the burden of his indebtedness.

Business done.—Still winding up estimates of financial year closing on the 31st inst.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT CÆSAR KNEW.

"LET me have men about me that are fat," cried JULIUS CÆSAR in an inspired moment. This is one of the most illuminating utterances recorded in the history of the world.

Why did so great a statesman, general, and *littérateur* as CÆSAR express this desire for an adipose entourage? Because he knew by experience that for general trustworthiness and honest ability fat people were second to none. Other men, in other ages, may have discovered the same truth;

but CÆSAR was the first to crystallise it into a policy, to make it the guiding principle of his wonderful career.

To-day, however, we are in danger of forgetting the message left to us by the illustrious Roman. In this country, indeed, we have largely given up the deliberate cultivation of corpulency, and are even beguiled at times into removing some of our so-called "superfluous" adiposity by means of remedies of the "Antitum" type. Herein the appeal is all to the eye, to the sense of form, rather than to the heart and brain. The ancient Greeks made precisely the same mistake—they cultivated external beauty, demanding fineness of figure, at the expense of substance—and what is Greece to-day? On the other hand, how has the Turk been able to defy the Powers all these years? Because he has developed to the utmost his capacity for sitting tight.

Englishmen, in the mass, seem to have stopped their ears to the call of fat. And yet some of our most successful modern men follow the cult of the obese. In almost every department of public and private activity it will be found that, sooner or later, rotundity comes out on top; and once there it stays there.

Would you increase your efficiency tenfold? Would you become a Man of Weight in the affairs of the Empire? Then

TRY PHATOGEN,

the Great Girth-Expander.

Would you sit in the Seats of the Mighty? Then

TRY PHATOGEN,

the Universal Inflator.

Did you ever know a fat person to become destitute?

PHATOGEN

is the one insurance against poverty, the one solution of the Unemployment problem.

Had Mr. BALFOUR undergone a course of this wonderful treatment, he would not now be in Opposition.

Think of CÆSAR, and insist on having PHATOGEN.

In the palace as in the cottage, in the club as in the casual ward, its effect is proclaimed to be nothing short of miraculous. Take it, and the Blue Bird is yours at last.

PHATOGEN.

Of all chemists, grocers, and bath-chair manufacturers.

From a testimonial in *The Autocar*:

"I swear by th— Cars, and am a walking advertisement for you."

But, oh! why "walking"?



Penniless Suitor (anxious to propitiate millionaire, whose daughter's hand he has just asked in marriage). "B-B-BUT, OF COURSE, I DON'T IF YOU DON'T WANT TO!"

PAN-PIPES.

PAN—did you say he was dead, that he'd gone, and for good—

Gone with the Dryads and all of the shy forest faces?

Who was it then plucked your sleeve as you came through the wood, What of the whisper that waits in the oddest of places?

Pan of the garden, the fold,

Pan of the bird and the beast,

Kindly, he lives as of old,

He isn't dead in the least!

Yes, you may find him to-day (how the reeds twitter on,

Tuneful, as once when he followed young Bacchus's leopards);

Stiffer he may be, perhaps, since our moonlight has shone

Centuries long on his goat-horns—old Pan of the shepherds!

Brown are his tatters, his tan

Roughened from tillage and toil,

Pagan and homely, but Pan—

Pan of the sap and the soil!

Find him, in fact, in the Park when the first crocus cowers;

Cockney is he when it suits him, I know that he knocks his

Crook at my window at times o'er six-penn'orth of flowers,
Gives me his blessing anew with my fresh window-boxes!

Piping the leaf on the larch,
Piping the nymphs (in the Row),
Piping a magic of March,
Just as he did long ago!

THE TONSURE TOUCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A good deal has been said about the pathos surrounding the struggles of middle-aged women to preserve their youth, but I feel that members of your own sex similarly engaged deserve even greater sympathy because they have fewer adventitious aids and less opportunity for practising them. So I have invented a little arrangement by which the out-of-doors-man on the wrong side of fifty can knock at least fifteen years off his age. You will have noticed, when through work or worry a man loses his back hair, the line of demarcation often appears just under his hat at the back, and gives him away, however studiously youthful the rest of his appearance may be. Few men will wear a toupee, in spite of the pathetic efforts of their

hairdressers to make them, but there is neither trouble nor risk attached to my little invention.

"The Tonsure Touch" (for so I have named it) consists of a crescent-shaped *bandeau* of hair fastened inside the hat-brim at the back, and is so placed that it not only completely covers the exposed bald area, but blends naturally with the wearer's own hair. When social or other duties necessitate the lifting of the hat, the right thumb presses a stud on the under side of the right brim (this is, of course, reversed in the case of left-handed wearers). The stud is connected with a spring, which causes the "scalpette" to fly up inside the hat as it is raised, while the releasing of the stud causes the hair-flap to spring back again in correct position as the hat is replaced on the head.

"The Tonsure Touch" is made in all sizes and shades, and it is only due to myself to add that my invention will be placed on the market at cost price, my idea being not to make profit but merely to add to the comfort and happiness of a sex for which I have a sincere respect and esteem.

Truly yours, SYMPATHETIC SPINSTER.

AT THE PLAY.

"ONE OF THE DUKES."

MR. "GEORGE PLEYDELL'S" satire on the tendency among British Peers to marry American heiresses surely comes rather late in the day, and his ridicule of dukes as dukes is not the freshest of fun. A year or so ago it might possibly have been amusing to revive the CHANCELLOR'S Limehouse manner and to say that "Mr. Welshman had called the *Duke of Rye* the chief of backwoodsmen," but to-day it is the oldest of old game. And even a year ago his worst enemy never suspected the backwoodsman of being totally ignorant in the matter of sport. He was supposed to be spending all his leisure time in the slaughter of innocent creatures, knee-deep in "blood" instead of "bloom." And, after all, where is your backwoodcraft if you can't tell a pet-dog from a partridge? Yet that was the error committed by the *Duke of Rye* in the excitement of hearing the familiar cry, "Mark over," which seems to have struck him as a novelty. Another weakness of his was a private taste for the bassoon; and a third his custom of breaking off his engagement with any girl who employed artificial aids to beauty. His attempt to test the hips of one lady with the point of an alpenstock was fortunately made before the curtain rose. Poor material even for a farce, but MR. CYRIL MAUDE braved it out, using his well-known and popular voice-trick for all it was worth to carry off the mildest mirth that ever was. But it cost him many a bead of perspiration.

To give the author his due, I admit a fresh effect in his representation of the interior of a parched well, with the Duke and his fiancée in a cage descending in search of her engagement ring. M. MAETERLINCK had, of course, anticipated this dropping of a ring into a well, but never thought of sending *Pelléas* and *Mélisande* down after it. His well was too wet. In *Salome*, again, we were not privileged to see through a brick wall into the interior of the prophet's retreat at the bottom of the cavity. So this was quite a fresh scheme.

Whether it will serve to impose the play upon the general taste I dare not conjecture. The kindly audience of the first night were hard put to it to counterfeit enthusiasm. MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH worked hard at his pipe,

and Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE said "Gee!" and "Ginger!" very pleasantly, but it was poor sport for them.

As for Miss KATE BISHOP, she was required to pronounce every *s* as *sh*: that was where *her* fun came in. She would have done well in the shibboleth test at the ford of Jordan, but it left us

this play. That I, for one, cannot penetrate it may simply mean that with proper modesty he hides his virtues from the common eye.

I imagine that the gloomy little curtain raiser, *The Hand on the Latch*—a mild sort of Guignol horror—was designed to put the audience in a receptive frame of mind for the farce that followed. It had a moment's strength in the final situation, where the wife disowns her dead thief of a husband, either to shield his name or because, as she had shewn at an earlier stage, she could not forgive dishonesty. But much of the silent action of the piece was trivial and tedious, for all the naturalness of Miss WINIFRED EMERY, and I did not find that the tragedy had much excuse for itself on the ground of inevitability. If I had been the man and wanted to appropriate the taxes I had been collecting, I should never have been at the pains first to screw them up under the floor and then to break into my own house at midnight to steal them. I should have just shifted them from one pocket to the other.

It seems so easy that there must be a catch somewhere, and I shall try to believe that that charming writer, Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEY, knew what she was about. O. S.

"THE FOLLIES."

The Follies are most effective when they are least ambitious. A casual conversation between Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY conveys more of their own peculiar atmosphere than all the potted pageants and imitations of MAUD ALLAN. When Mr. SIDNEY arrives at the Voice Trial with his cello, and before beginning asks Mr. PÉLISSIER casually if he knows how cellos are made, to which Mr. PÉLISSIER says in tones of surprise: "Do they make them?" whereupon Mr. SIDNEY assures him earnestly that they make quite a number, and explains that they always make the "S" holes first—why then, it seems to me, you have the Follies at their best. This particular little bit of dialogue was omitted from the Voice Trial last Wednesday; perhaps for the reason that it came spontaneously on the night, some months ago, when I heard it, and the Follies are artists enough to know that a spontaneous joke cannot always be repeated. But I was sorry that a whole turn in the first part of the pro-



Duke of Rye. "I say, I'm afraid I'm a very poor backwoodsman. Is that what they call an axe?"

Duke of Rye Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Lord George Thurburn Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

very cold. Finally, Miss NELL CARTER looked so pretty in her nurse's uniform that it didn't much matter what she said; and this was well, for she had the dullest things to say.

I am confident that Mr. MAUDE had some good motive for the selection of



THE CURTAIN LECTURER.
MR. PÉLISSIER.



BEFORE THE POINT TO POINT.

Lady. "HALLOA, FREDDY, WHAT A FUNNY HORSE!"

Freddy (on new chaser, his proudest possession). "IT'S ONE I'VE JUST BROUGHT OUT TO QUALIFY."

Lady. "I DON'T UNDERSTAND."

Freddy. "JUST OUT TO LET THE MASIER SEE HIM, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

Lady. "OH, I SEE; FOR THE KENNELS, POOR BEAST."

gramme, "Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY will sing to each other," was also omitted; I have such very pleasant memories of their previous duets.

Of the new Potted Plays I thought *Count Hannibal* the funniest; maybe because I have not seen the original. I have noticed before that the plays which one has not seen are the ones which "pot" best. I suppose we are led to expect too much from the others. And, anyhow, I'm afraid it is true that the Follies are better served by their interpreters than by their authors. There must, for instance, be at least fifty people in London who could write Mr. PÉLISSIER a set of verses ten times cleverer than those which serve him for his topical song in the first part of the programme.

MISS GWENNIE MARS has one charming turn as a dear old grandmother trying to tell three inquisitive children a fairy tale. I could wish that she and the other ladies of the company had more to do in the Potted Plays,

even if it meant that Mr. PÉLISSIER had to forswear female impersonations for the future. And I should have liked to hear more of Mr. DAN EVERARD—he can be so delightfully alive.

But that is the worst of the Follies. We all want different things from them, and whatever we get we shall never be quite satisfied. M.

Half-time came with the score standing—
IRELAND 1 Goal
SCOTLAND 1 Goal
Result—Scotland 2, Ireland nil.

Ireland's Saturday Night.

We can only suppose that Scotland pinched Ireland's goal when she wasn't looking. This is hardly playing the game.

From *The Weekly Dispatch* :—

"He gives an excellent account of himself in the 'Lasso' song, and would do still better if the absurd business of having him carried off on Miss May's back was abolished. He is good enough to walk off on his own."

If he can really walk off on his own back he must be very good indeed.

The Compensations of a University Education.

"University man, bachelor, young, desires pretty little comfortably furnished seaside Cottage. Rent free or quite nominal."

Advt. in "Church Times."

"LUDLOW COUNTY POLICE.—Tuesday.

(BEFORE MR. T. H. ATHERDEN.)

NOT MUCH TO BE FRIGHTENED OF."

The sub-editor of the paper which makes this announcement must not build upon any former lenience of Mr. ATHERDEN's to members of the Press.

A paragraph in *The Westminster Gazette* begins as follows :—

"The customer who went into the Ludgate Circus, E.C., Post Office for a penny stamp yesterday and felt the insignificance of his order when he saw the messenger of a big City firm order 78,000 halfpenny stamps and hand over £164 in payment might receive a somewhat similar surprise every day."

But with a really smart man at the head of the firm, it couldn't go on long. We ourselves know of a much smaller post office where 78,000 halfpenny stamps can be purchased for £162 10s.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WRITERS of random "memories" are apt to pose rather dishonestly as authors of a connected literary narrative, so that it was not a bad idea of Professor POULTON's to throw this pretence to the winds and figure in different parts of the same book in the separate rôles of biographer, essayist and general remembrancer. Calling his compilation *John Viriamu Jones, and other Oxford Memories* (LONGMANS), he begins with a sketch of the life and work of the late Principal of Cardiff University College, goes on to various recollections of Oxford life in the seventies, inserts a short memoir on Professor GEORGE ROLLESTON, and concludes with a treatise on Oxford Reform and the British Examination system, which it would ill become me to criticise. His stories are not always very good ones: on Proctors, for instance, he makes the following note:—

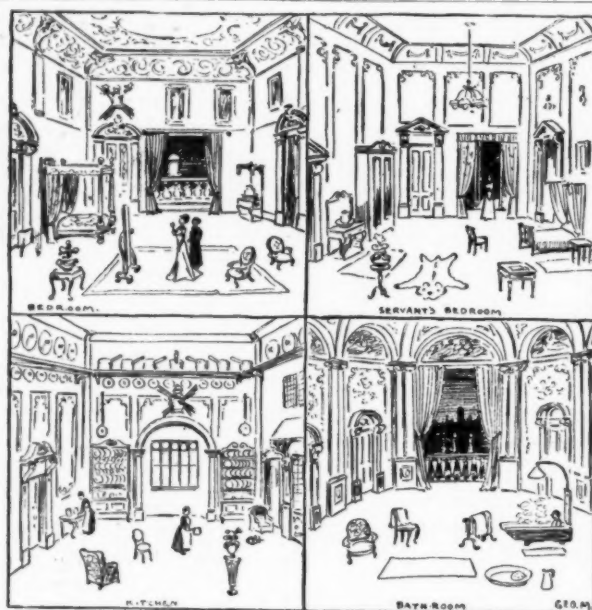
"I remember ALFRED MILNER, when a B.A., telling us that he had been 'proctorized' the night before and even reminded that he was still *in statu pupillari*. 'I was fully aware of the fact,' he had replied to the Proctor." Friends of mine who have met and even been pursued by these Erinyes have brought back much more interesting narratives than this. But perhaps Lord MILNER made up a better retort by the time he paid his fine next morning. On the whole the most interesting chapters to the profane or lay reader are an essay by VIRIAMU JONES on EDGAR ALLAN POE's "Ulalume" and some amusing reconstructions of debates at the Union from a period when, amongst other famous personages, the present PRIME MINISTER was a speaking member. There are no very stirring accounts of athletic achievements in the volume, but that deficiency will be supplied, I imagine, by the present generation when Professor POULTON's own son, the famous Rugby Blue, becomes in turn a Recollector of Oxford days.

Let A. be in love with B., and let B., having no objection to A., but a latent passion for C., come into her million and a half; and let D. be not only the fond mother of A., but also in need of a little cash for her own uses; and let all that is necessary to make B. marry A. and finance D. be a rumour of C.'s engagement elsewhere; and let Mr. E. F. BENSON be managing the whole affair; then it is an assured thing that D. will tell the essential lie, that she and A., B. and C. will be very much alive, and that in the course of their history the diligent student will learn what motives conduce to what ends and how one may be comparatively happy on fifty thousand a year. No one describes with more relish and success the big and little luxuries of plutocracy than does Mr. BENSON, and few do

such justice to the diverse temperaments and complex states of mind of humanity in crucial situations. It is to be observed that in this case what he makes up in thoroughness he lacks in spontaneity, that his plot produces his character rather than his character his plot, and that neither the one nor the other is strikingly original. But if it is inevitable to criticise, it is by no means necessary to disparage his half-yearly production, and *Account Rendered* (HEINEMANN), though nothing to boast about as a work of art, may with all confidence be recommended as a pastime.

In the first chapter of *Adventure* (NELSON) we are introduced to *David Sheldon* riding pick-a-back "on a woolly-headed, black-skinned savage," and giving medicine to the man-er-ting, dysentery-stricken cannibals employed by him in the Solomon Islands. As *Sheldon* was also such a very sick man that these amiable cannibals were

merely waiting an opportunity to kill him, the greediest of sensation-mongers cannot fail to be satisfied with Mr. JACK LONDON's opening. In fact all the signals are down for a book of horrors, until *Joan Lackland* arrives—in Chapter iv. and a boat—and proceeds to show what an American girl of the "get on or get out" brigade can do. *Joan* had all the virile, and some of the feminine, virtues, and she arrived in the nick of time to save *Sheldon's* life; but I resented her early appearance, for I could not help guessing that in spite of head-hunters and jealous white men *Sheldon* was destined to be her husband. Many things happened before she said, "I am ready, Dave," but the thrill which Mr. LONDON can produce so admirably is not in them. *Adventure* is a good enough



SOME ROOMS IN A TYPICAL LONDON FLAT, AS THEY WOULD BE REPRESENTED AT ONE OF OUR PALATIAL MUSIC-HALLS.

story for me to read, but it is scarcely good enough for the author to have written.

It needs some pluck, I think, to take,

Adapt and utilise unwincing
A theme that SHAKESPEARE couldn't make

In all particulars convincing;

Yet Mr. F. J. RANDALL, in

His latest novel (LANE), essays it;

The Bermondsey (he calls it) *Twin*,

And, spite of faults, I'm bound to praise it.

The theme, as you'll have guessed, presents

Two brothers, each the other's image,

Embarrassing predicaments—

A catch-as-catch-can sort of scrimmage.

The thing's improbable, you'll say;

It is, and so's the exploitation;

But Mr. RANDALL has a way

Which laughs you into admiration.